Commendatory VERSES,

ON THE

AUTHOR

Sr Richard Blackmore OF THE

Two ARTHURS,

AND THE

Satyr againſt Wit;

By ſome of his particular Friends.

Inſanit Scævola *factus Eques.*

Innocuos permitte Sales; cur ludere *nobis*
Non liceat, licuit ſi jugulare *tibi?*

Mart.

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To all the Honourable CITIZENS within the Bills of Mortality, below the Dignity of Common-council-men.

Fellow CITIZENS,

I Am no Orator, I own it, nor ever made a Speech in my Life, but once in the Veſtry, about chooſing a Lecturer, and new Lettering the Church-Buckets: but this I'll be bold to ſay, That no Man is a heartier Well-wiſher to the Proſperity of this Proteſtant City than my ſelf. Now I muſt tell you, Gentlemen, that you don't take ſo much Notice of a certain Author, who does you the Honour to reſide among you, as his great Qualities deſerve. You only conſult him as a Phyſician; and indeed I muſt needs ſay he is a pretty Phyſician; He has eas'd many of you of thoſe heavy Burdens, call'd Wives and Children; and, out of his Zeal to the Publick, has helpt to thin the overſtock of Traders: But ſtill you muſt give me leave to tell you, that you overlook his principal Talent, for Phyſick is what he values himſelf leaſt upon. He is a Poet, pray be not ſcandalized at the Word, he is a Poet, I ſay, but of ſober ſolid Principles, and as hearty an Enemy to Wit as the beſt of you all: he has writ twenty thouſand Verſes and upwards without one Grain of Wit in them; nay, he has declar'd open War againſt it, and, deſpiſing it in himſelf, is reſolved not to endure it in any one elſe. When he is in his Coach, inſtead of pretending to read where he can't ſee, as ſome Doctors do; or thinking of his Patient's Caſe, which none of them do, he is ſtill liſtning to the Chimes, to put his Ear in tune, and ſtumbles upon a Diſtich every Kennel he is jolted over. Nay, even in Coffee-houſes, when other People are cleanſing Cheſter-*Harbour, baniſhing Popiſh Prieſts, diſpoſing the Crown of* Spain, *repairing* Dover-Peer, *pitying the poor* Scots *at* Darien, *or ſettling the Affairs of* Poland, *he is ſenditing Heroics on the back of a News-Paper with his Pencil, and wou'd give more for a Rhime to* Radziouski *than a Specifick for the Gout. Thoſe flaſhy Fellows, your* Covent-garden *Poets, are good for nothing, but to run into our Debts, lye with our Wives, and break unmannerly Jeſts upon us Citizens; then, like a parcel of Sots, they write for Fame and Immortality; but this Gentleman is above ſuch Triſles, and, as he preſcribes, ſo he writes for the Good of Trade. He's a particular Benefactor to the Manufacture of the Nation; and, at this preſent Minute, to my certain knowledge, keeps Ten Paper-mill a going with his* Job *and* Habakkuk, *and his other* Hebrew *Heroes. There's ſcarce a Cook, Grocer, or Tobacconiſt within the City-Walls but is the better for his Works; nay, one that is well acquainted with his Secret Hiſtory, has aſſured me, that his main deſign in writing the two* Arthurs, *whatever he pretended in his Preface, was only to help the poor Trunk-makers at a Pinch, when* Quarles *and* Ogilby *were all ſpent, and they wanted other Materials. Above all, you can't imagine what a ſingular Deference he pays to a golden Chain; 'tis impoſſible for a rich Man with him, either to be a Knave or a Blockhead: he never ſees the Cap of Maintenance, but is ready to worſhip it;*

it; and, in compliment to the Sword-bearer, wou'd, I dare engage for him, ſooner write a Panegyric upon Cuſtard, than any of the Cardinal Virtues, tho' he pretends to be their Champion.

This may ſerve, Fellow-Citizens, to give you ſome Idea of the Man; but what we moſt want his Aſſiſtance in, is to reform ſeveral enormous Abuſes that have crept in among us. The Poetry of our *Bell-men*, which in its firſt Inſtitution contain'd many excellent Leſſons of Piety, *is grown very* looſe and immoral, *and gives our Wives and Daughters wicked Ideas, when it awakes them at Midnight. The Tobacco-boxes too* ſeem engag'd in a general Confederacy to bring Vice into eſteem; *their lewd Inſcriptions* charge Religion with deſperate Reſolution, and have given it many deep and ghaſtly Wounds. *Our Poſies for Rings* are either immodeſt, or irreligious; *and we* ſee few Verſes *on our Ale-houſe Signs, but* have ſome ſpiteful and envious Strokes at Sobriety and Good-manners, whence the *Apprentices of this Populous City* have apparently received very bad Impreſſions. 'Tis great Pity that *our Magiſtrates*, in whoſe Power it is, have not yet reſtrained the Licentiouſneſs of *theſe Rhimes*, and obliged the Writers of them to obſerve more Decorum. *But, ſince they are ſo remiſs in their Duty, retain this Gentleman* on the ſide of Religion, *and you'll ſoon ſee theſe Enormities Vaniſh. Beſides, being of a goodly Perſon, if you deſired him now and then, upon a Solemn Occaſion, to walk before a Pageant, or march at the Head of the Blew-coat Infantry, at the Burial of one of his own Patients, with how much more Decency and Gravity wou'd thoſe Public Ceremonies be perform'd? And then who ſo proper to inflame the Courages of our City-Militia, as our Parſon tells me, one* Tyrtæus *did of old, by the Repetition of his own Lines? Well, cou'd I but be ſo happy as to ſee him once appear in the Front of our* Finsbury-*Squadrons, or animate with his noble Compoſitions the Wreſtlers in* Moor-fields, *I ſhou'd not doubt to ſee our ancient Military Genius come in Play, and every* London *'Prentice able to worſt his Brace of Lions. Therefore, Fellow-Citizens, for mine, for your own, and your Families ſakes, hug and cheriſh this worthy Gentleman, make him free of all your Companies, for he's as well qualified for any of them as his own; carry him to all your Entertainments, nay even to your private Deliberations over Brawn and Queſt-ale, and when any foreign Ambaſſador is treated by the City, get him to pay the Compliment in Verſe, and the R-c-rd-r may ſecond him in Proſe; put the entire Management of* Smithfield *into his Hands, and make him abſolute Monarch of all the Booths and Poppet-ſhews. Above all, let him endeavour by the Melody of his Rhimes (and what can withſtand 'em?) to call back our fugitive Mercers from* Covent-garden *to* Ludgate-hill *and* Pater-noſter-row. *Since we are for new Painting our City-gates, why ſhould we not Furbiſh up our old Heroes in new Metre? Why ſhould poor King* Lud *and his two truſty Sons,* Temancus *and* Androgeus, *be forgotten? Or what harm have the Giants at* Guild-hall *and* Whittington's *Cat done to be buried in oblivion? There are a thouſand other Subjects to employ his Muſe, wherein he may diſcreetly interſperſe ſome notable Precepts againſt Truſting, ſome pretty Touches in defence of Uſury, and ſome handſom Conſolations for Cuckoldom, all which might be of admirable uſe to ſeaſon and confirm our City-Youth in the true Principles of their Anceſtors: And what if you cou'd perſwade him to write a few pacifying Strains to calm the diſtemper'd Spirits of our Car-men and the Oyſter-women at* Billingſgate? *In ſhort, theſe are ſome of the Topics you may recommend to him. Let him make Verſes for us Citizens, and preſcribe Phyſic to the Fools without* Temple-bar. *I am,*

Your Loving Friend,
O. S.

Commendatory VERSES, ON THE AUTHOR OF THE Two ARTHURS, AND THE Satyr againſt Wit.

A Short and True Hiſtory of the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Bl——re at firſt profeſs'd the Whipping Trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he wou'd Laſh no more,
But kindly Cur'd the A—— he Gall'd before.
So Quack commenc'd; then, fierce with Pride, he ſwore,
That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns ſhou'd be no more.
In vain his Druggs as well as Birch he try'd,
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.
Next he turn'd Bard, and, mounted on a Cart,
Whoſe hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* ſtart,
Burleſqu'd the Braveſt, Wiſeſt SON of *Mars*
In Ballad-rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.

Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit
On Bus'nefs for his matchleſs Talent fit,
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Upon the Author of the Satyr *againſt* Wit.

A Grave Phyſician, us'd to write for Fees,
And ſpoil no Paper, but with Recipe's,
Is now turn'd Poet, rails againſt all Wit,
Except that Little found among the Great.
As if he thought true Wit and Sence were ty'd
To Men in Place, like Avarice, or Pride.
But in their Praiſe ſo like a Quack he talks,
You'd ſwear he wanted for his *Chriſtmas*-box.
With mangled Names old Stories he pollutes,
And to the preſent Time paſt Action ſuits.
Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,
Members of Parliament with *Arthur*'s Knights.
It is a common Paſtime to write Ill;
And Doctor, with the reſt e'en take thy fill.
Thy Satyr's harmleſs: 'Tis thy Proſe that kills,
When thou Preſcrib'ſt thy Potions, and thy Pills.

To that Incomparable Panegyrift, the Author of the Satyr upon Wit.

HEnceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage
Burleſque the God-like Heroes of the Age;
No more King *Arthur* he with labour writ,
But follow Nature, and ſtill rail at Wit.
For this thy mighty Genius was deſign'd,
In this thy Cares a due Succeſs may find.

Opi-

Opinions we more eaſily receive
From Guides that practiſe by thoſe Rules they give:
So Dulneſs thou may'ſt write into Eſteem,
Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.
Hope not to joyn, (like *G-rth*[a]'s Immortal Lays,)
The keeneſt Satyr with the fineſt Praiſe.
Thy Satyrs bite not, but like *Æſop*'s Aſs
Thou kick'ſt the Darling whom thou would'ſt careſs.
Would'ſt thou our Youth from Poetry affright,
'Tis wiſely done, thy ſelf in Verſe to write?
So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did deſign
Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine.
Go on, and rail as thou haſt done before,
Thus Lovers uſe when piqu'd in an Amour:
The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

The Quack Corrected: or, Advice to the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Muſe.

LEt *Bl——re* ſtill, in good King *Arthur*'s Vein,
To *Flecknoe*'s Empire his juſt Right maintain:
Let him his own to common Senſe oppoſe,
With Praiſe and Slander maul both Friends and Foes;
Let him great *D-d-n*'s awful Name profane;
And learned *G-rth* with envious Pride diſdain.
Codrus's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town:
Let the Quack ſcribble any thing but Bills;
His Satyr Wounds not, but his Phyſick Kills.

M[10]

To the Merry Poetaſter *at* Sadlers-hall, *in* Cheapſide.

UNweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muſe
With Cenſures praiſe, with Flatteries abuſe.
To laſh and not be felt, in Thee's an Art,
Thou ne're mad'ſt any, but thy School-boys ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not agen,
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a Flail and not a Pen.
If *B--l*'s immortal Wit thou woud'ſt decry,
Pretend 'tis He that writ Thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satyr ne're can do him wrong,
Thy Poems, and thy Patients live not long.

An Equal Match: or, A Drawn Battle.

A Monument of Dullneſs to erect,
Bentl——*y* ſhou'd Write, and *Bl*——*re* ſhou'd Correct;
Like which no other Piece can e're be wrought,
For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought.
But that where *Bentl*——*y* ſhall in Judgment ſit
To pare Excreſcencies from *Bl*——*re*'s Wit.

To the Mirrour of Britiſh Knighthood, the Worthy Author of the Satyr againſt Wit; *Occaſion'd by the Hemyſtick*, P. 8.

——Heav'ns Guard poor *A*——*n*.

MUſt I then paſſive ſtand! and can I hear
The Man I Love, abus'd, and yet forbear?
Yet much I thank thy Favour to my Friend,
'Twas ſome Remorſe thou didſt not him commend.

Thou

Thou doſt not all my Indignation raiſe,
~~For I prefer thy Pity to thy Praiſe~~ ;

In vain thou woud'ſt thy Name, dull Pedant, hide,
There's not a Line but ſmells of thy *Cheapſide*.
If *Cæſar*'s Bounty for your Traſh you've ſhar'd,
You're not the firſt Aſſaſſine he has ſpar'd.
His Mercy, not his Juſtice, made thee Knight,
Which *P-rt-r* may demand with equal Right.

Well may'ſt thou think an uſeleſs Talent Wit,
Thou who without it haſt three Poems Writ :
Impenetrably dull, ſecure thou'rt found,
And can'ſt receive no more, than give a Wound ;
Then, ſcorn'd by all, to ſome dark Corner fly,
And in Lethargic Trance expiring lie,
Till thou from injur'd *G-rth* thy Cure receive,
And *S——d* only Abſolution give.

To the Cheapſide *Knight*, *on his* Satyr againſt Wit.

SOme ſcribling Fops ſo little value Fame,
They ſometimes hit, becauſe they never Aim.
But thou for Erring, haſt a certain Rule,
And, aiming, art inviolably Dull.
Thy muddy Stream no lucid Drop ſupplies,
But Punns like Bubbles on the Surface riſe.
All that for Wit you cou'd, you've kindly done,
You cannot write, but can be writ upon.
And a like Fate does either ſide befit,
Immortal Dullneſs, or Immortal Wit:
In juſt Extreams an equal Merit lies,
And *B-yle* and *G-rth* with thee muſt ſhare the Prize,
Since thou canſt ſink, as much as they can riſe.

To the Indefatigable Rhimer.

O S—rs, T—t, D—ett, M—gue,
G—y, S—ld, C—sh, P—ke, V—n, you
Who ſuffer Bl—re to inſult your taſt,
And tamely hear him bluſter in bombaſt.
Bid him before he dares to write agen,
Reſign his own, and take ſome other Pen.
D—n, ſhall Numbers, C—ve Wit inſpire,
Dr—ke niceſt Rules, but B—le and Codrus Fire.
Then G—th ſhall teach him, and his witleſs Tribe
Firſt to write Sence, and after to Preſcribe;
The unlearn'd Pedant, thus may pleaſe the Town,
But his own nauſeous Traſh will ne're go down.
For naught can equal, what the Bard has writ,
But R—ff's Scholarſhip, and G—n's Wit.

A modeſt Requeſt to the Poetical Knight.

SInce, B—y's Nonſence to outdo, you ſtrive,
Vain to be thought the Dulleſt Wretch alive,
And ſuch Inimitable Strains have writ,
That the moſt famous Blockheads muſt ſubmit:
Long may you Reign, and long unenvy'd Live,
And none Invade your great Prerogative.
But in Return, your Poetry give o're,
And Perſecute poor *Job*, and us no more.

Wholesome Advice to a City Knight, Over-run with Rhimes and Hypocrisie: Occasion'd by his Satyr against Wit.

WE bid thee not give o're the Killing Trade:
Whilst Fees come in, 'tis fruitless to diswade.
Religion is a Trick, you've practis'd long,
To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.
But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,
They find thy Morals, and thy Skill the same.
Then, if thou would'st thy Ignorance redress,
Prythee mind Physick more, and Rhiming less.

To a thrice Illustrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard, on his Incomparable Poem call'd, A Satyr against Wit.

By a LADY.

THou fund of Nonsence, was it not enough
That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,
That as thou Copy'dst *Virgil*, all might see
Judicious Bell-men Imitated thee.
That to thy Cadence Sextons set their Chimes,
And Nurses skimming Possets hum'd thy Rhimes.
But thou must needs fall foul on Men of Sence,
With Dullness equal to thy Impudence.
Are D*ryde*n, C*o*—*dr*—*n*, G*a*—*th*, V—*k*, B*oy*—*le*,
Those Names of Wonder, that adorn our Isle,
Fit Subjects for thy vile Pedantick Pen?
Hence sawcy Usher to thy Desk again:

Con.

Conſtrue Dutch Notes, and pore upon Boys A——es,
But prithee write no more Heroick Farces.
Teach blooming Blockheads by thy own try'd Rules
To give us Demonſtration that they're Fools.
Let 'em by *N*——'s Sermon-ſtile refine
Their Engliſh Proſe, their Poetry by thine.
Let *W——ſl——y*'s Rhimes their Emulation raiſe,
And *Arw-k-r*, Inſtruct 'em how to Praiſe.
That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,
They're finiſh'd Dunces, they may rival thee,
Thou only Stain to Mighty *WILLIAM*'s Sword!
Old *Jemmy* never Knighted ſuch a T——d.
For the moſt nauſeous Mixture GOD can make,
Is a dull Pedant, and a buſy Quack.

To Sir R—— Bl——re, *on the Report of the Two* Arthurs *being condemn'd to be hang'd.*

ONce more take Pen in Hand, Obſequious Knight,
For here's a Theme thou canſt not underwrite,
Unleſs the Devil ow's thy Muſe a Spite.
To Prince and King thy Dullneſs Life did give,
Let then theſe *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

Occaſion'd by the News that Sir R—— Bl——'s *Paraphraſe upon* Job *was in the Preſs.*

WHen *Job*, contending with the Devil, I ſaw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pity draw:
For I concluded, that without ſome Trick,
A Saint at any time cou'd match Old Nick.

Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouſe, and ſtunn'd him with her Clack.

But

But ſtill I cou'd not pity him, as knowing
A Crabtree-cudgel ſoon wou'd ſend her going.

But when the *Quack* engag'd with *Job* I ſpy'd,
The Lord have Mercy on poor *Job*, I cry'd.
What *Spouſe* and *Satan* did attempt in vain,
The *Quack* will compaſs with his murdring Pen,
And on a Dunghil leave poor *Job* again.
With impious Dogg'rel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint againſt his Will Blaſpheme.

A TALE.

POems and Proſe of different Force lay Claim
With the ſame Confidence to *Tully*'s Name.
And ſhallow Criticks were content to ſay,
Proſe was his Buſineſs, Poetry his Play.
Thus *Cæſar* thought, thus *Brutus* and the reſt,
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent beſt.

Maurus aroſe, ſworn Foe to Health and Wit,
Who *Folio* Bills and *Folio* Ballads writ.
Who buſtled much for Bread, and for Renown,
By Lyes and Poiſon ſcatter'd through the Town.
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.
And Husbands then we find in *Latin* Song
Wou'd Love too little, and wou'd Live too long.
Tully, ſays he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,
Writes his own Verſe, but borrows all his Proſe.
He Fearleſs was, becauſe he was not Brave,
A Noble *Roman* wou'd not beat a Slave.
The *Conſul* ſmiling, ſaid, Judicious Friend,
Thy ſhining Genius ſhall thy Works defend.

Inimitable Stroaks defend thy Fame,
Thy Beauties and thy Force are ſtill the ſame.
And I muſt yield with the conſenting Town,
Thy Ballads, and thy Bills, are all thy own.

Upon the Character of Codron, *as 'tis drawn by the Bungling Knight in his* Satyr againſt Wit.

HOw kind is Malice manag'd by a Sot,
Where no Deſign directs the *Embrio* Thought,
And Praiſe and Satyr ſtumble out by Lot.
The Mortal Thruſt to *Codron*'s Heart deſign'd,
Proves a ſoft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.
Can *M--nt-gue* or *D-rſ-t* higher ſoar!
Or can Immortal *Sh-ff--ld* wiſh for more?
Brightneſs, Force, Juſtneſs, Delicacy, Eaſe,
Muſt form that Wit, that can the Ladies pleaſe.
No falſe affected Rules debauch their Taſte,
No fruitleſs Toils their generous Spirits waſt,
Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at laſt.
No lumber-Learning gives an awkward Pride,
Falſe Maxims cramp not, nor falſe Lights miſguide.
Voiture and *Walſh* their eaſie Hours employ,
Voiture and *Walſh* oft read will never cloy.
With Care they guard the Muſick of their Style,
They fly from *Bent-ly*, and converſe with *Boy-le*.
They ſteal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,
The Pedant's Pleaſure, and the Pride of Fools;
With native Charms their matchleſs Thoughts ſurprize,
Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes.
Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,
Chaſt and Sublime, all worthy of the Fair.
How then can a rough artleſs *Indian* Wit
The faultleſs Palates of the Ladies fit?

Co-

Codron will never ſtand ſo nice a Teſt,
Nor is't with Praiſe fair Mouths oblige him beſt.
Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,
Whilſt *Codron* aims not at Applauſe, but Hearts.
Secure him thoſe, and thou ſhall't name the reſt,
Thy Spite ſhall chooſe the worſt, thy Taſte the beſt.
He will his Health to *Mirmil*'s Care reſign,
He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B——ly* ſhine,
And be a Wit in any way, but thine.

An Epigram on Job *Traveſty'd by the* City Bard.

POor *Job* loſt all the Comforts of his Life,
And hardly ſav'd a Potſherd, and a Wife.
Yet *Job* bleſt God, and *Job* again was bleſt,
His Vertue was Eſſay'd, and bore the Teſt.
But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fierceſt Vial,
Had he been then Burleſqu'd, without denial
The patient Man had yielded to that Trial.
His pious Spouſe with *Bl——re* on her ſide
Muſt have prevail'd, and *Job* had curſt, and dy'd.

To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapſide, *upon his* Satyr againſt Wit.

WHat Frenzy has poſſeſs'd thy deſp'rate Brain,
To Rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?
Reproach of thy own Kind! to ſlander Senſe,
The nobleſt Gift beſtow'd by Providence!
Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to Write,
Becauſe thou'rt curs'd to ſuch a Dearth of Wit?
Or was it eager Paſſion for a Name,
To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame?

Like

Like him, who rather than he'd live obſcure,
Would Fire a Church to make his Name ſecure.
Or was it thy Deſpair at length to find
Thy Loads of Chaff the Sport of ev'ry Wind?
To ſee thy haſty Muſe, that loves to roam,
Promiſe ſuch Journies, but come founder'd home?
Juſt Fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breaſt,
Their Coffee-Rhimes ſhall ſtand the Publick Teſt:
Seiz'd with prolifick Dulneſs, 'tis thy Curſe
To Write ſtill on, and ſtill too for the Worſe.

Who hates not *Weſley*, may Thy Works eſteem,
Both alike able to Diſgrace their Theme.
But Thou, thro' wild Conceit aſpiring ſtill,
Claim'ſt in Thy Ravings *Eſculapian*-skill.
Quack thou art ſure in Both, and curs'd is he,
Who guided by his adverſe Stars to Thee,
Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim
His feeble Health, thy Pen to ſpread his Fame.

Upon the Knighting of Sir R—— Bl——re, *for his Incomparable Poem call'd,* King *ARTHUR.*

BE not puff'd up with Knighthood, Friend of mine,
A merry Prince once Knighted a Sir-Loyn.
And, if to make Compariſons 'twere ſafe,
An *Ox* deſerv'd it better than a *Calf*.
Thy Pride and State I value not a Ruſh,
Thou that art now King *Phyz*, waſt once King **Uſh*.

* *Alluding to the two Kings in the Rehearſal.*

Upon

Upon King Arthur, *partly written in the Doctor's Coach, and partly in a Coffee-house.*

LEt the malicious Criticks Snarl and Rail,
Arthur immortal is, and must prevail.
In vain they strive to wound him with their Tongue,
The Lifeless *Fætus* can receive no wrong.
As rattling Coach once thunder'd through the Mire,
Out dropt Abortive *Arthur* from his Sire.
Well may he then both Time and Death defie,
For what was never born, can never die.

Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in a Coffee-house, with a Leaf of King Arthur.

IN Coffee-house begot, the short-liv'd Brat,
By instinct thither hasts to meet his Fate.
The *Phœnix* to *Arabia* thus returns,
And in the Grove, that gave her Birth, she burns.
Thus wandring *Scot*, when through the World he's past,
Revisits ancient *Tweed* with pious haste,
And on Paternal Mountain dies at last.

EPIGRAM,

Occaſion'd by the Paſſage in the Satyr againſt Wit, *that Reflects upon Mr.* Tate, *and ends thus,*

He's Honeſt, and, as Wit comes in, will Pay.

RAil on, diſcourteous Knight. If modeſt *Tate*
Is ſlow in making Payments, what of that!
So is th'Exchequer, ſo are half the Lords,
On whom thou haſt beſtow'd ſuch Sugar'd Words.
Envy itſelf muſt own this Truth of * *Nahum*,
That when the Muſes call, he ſtrives to pay 'em.
But can we this of thy damn'd Hackney ſay,
Who as ſhe nothing has, can nothing pay?
Then be advis'd; Rail not at *Tate* ſo faſt,
A Pſalm of his may chance to be thy laſt.

* Mr. Tate's Chriſtian Name.

A Story of a Greek *Chevalier, Predeceſſor in a direct Line to the* Britiſh *Knight.*

WHen, fir'd by Glory, *Philip*'s Godlike Son,
The *Perſian* Empire like a Storm o'rerun,
A worthleſs Scribbler, *Cherilus* by Name,
In pompous Dogg'rel ſoil'd the Hero's Fame.
The *Grecian* Prince, to Merit ever juſt,
(For Monarchs did not then Reward on Truſt)
Read o're his Rhimes, and to chaſtiſe ſuch Traſh,
Gave him for each offending Line a Laſh.
Thus Bard went off, with many Drubs requited,
That's in plain Engliſh, *Cherilus* was Knighted.

To

To the Pious and Worthy Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

BL——re ſtrove long with holy Crafts to pleaſe,
Some thought him ſerious, therefore gave him Fees;
Much Sanctity before his Books He ſhows,
But, whom his Preface gains, his Poems loſe.
No Patients now conſult him; thus we find
His Practice with his Poetry's declin'd.

Melancholy Reflections on the Deficiency of Uſeful Learning.

To Sir R—— Bl——re.

SHort are our Powers, tho' infinite our Will:
What Helps to uſeful Knowledge want we ſtill!
Laborious *L-ſt-r* thirty Years employs
In painful ſearch of Nature's curious Toys:
Yet many a painted Shell, and ſhining Fly
Muſt ſtill in Dirt, and dark Oblivion lye.
Myſterious *Sl--ne* may yet go on to ſtun ye
With * *Cynocrambe*, *Poppy-pye*, *Bumbunny*;
But from what Records can we hope to know
If poor * *Will. Matthew*'s Babe's ſurviv'd or no?
Æras from coſtly Mummeries aroſe,
But who th' important Moment ſhall diſcloſe
'Till *B-ntl-y* writes of *Grecian* Puppet-ſhows?
Heralds are paid, and Regiſters are kept
Of ancient Knights, who in full Glory ſlept.
But *Garter* nods; *Garter* aſſigns no Place
To three illuſtrious Knights of *Engliſh* Race:

* *See a late Pamphlet call'd,* The Tranſactioneer.

Nor

Nor will ſucceeding *Britains* hear one Word
Of good Sir-*Loin*, Sir *Richard*, or Sir *T*—

To the Canting Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

THe Preacher *Maurus* cries, all Wit is vain,
Unleſs 'tis like his Godlineſs, for Gain.
Of moſt vain Things he may the Folly own:
But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl——.

KNighthood to Hero's only once was due,
Now's the Reward of ſtupid Praiſe in you.
Why ſhou'd a Quack be dubb'd, unleſs it be
That pois'ning is an Act of Chivalry?
Thus we muſt own you have your Thouſands ſlain
With the dire Stroks of your reſiſtleſs Pen.
By whipping Boys your Cruelty began,
And grew by bolder Steps to killing Man.
Juſt the Reverſe of *Dionyſius* Fate,
Who fell to flogging Bums from murdering the State.
For both theſe Trades your Genius far unfit,
At length with ſawcy Pride aſpires to Wit.
Which by pretending to, you more Diſgrace,
Than toaſting *Beaus* our ancient *Britiſh* Race.
I'th Mountebank the Aſs had lain conceal'd,
But his loud Braying has the Brute reveal'd.
Such vile Heroics, ſuch unhallow'd Strains
Were never ſpawn'd before from *Iriſh* Brains.
Nor drowſy *Mum*, nor dozing *Uſquebaugh*
Cou'd e're ſuggeſt ſuch Lines to Sir *John Daw*.

You

You weakly Skirmiſh with the Sins o'th' Age,
And are the errant Scavinger o'th' Stage.
Why Virtue makes no Progreſs, now is plain,
Becauſe ſuch Knights as you its Cauſe maintain.
If you'd a Friend to Senſe and Virtue be,
And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,
Leave Moralizing, Drugs and Poetry.

To Elkanah Settle, *the City-Poet.*

WIlt thou then paſſive ſee the Sacred Bays
Torn from thy Brows in thy declining Days,
And tamely let a Quack uſurp thy Place,
So near *Guild-hall*, and in my Lord *May'r's* Face?
Rouze up for Shame, aſſert thy ancient Right,
And from his City quarters drive the Knight.
Let Father * *Jordan* Martial Heat inſpire,
And Unkle * *Tolman* fill thy Breaſt with Fire.
If *Bl——re* cries, Both *Arthurs* are my own;
Quote thou the fam'd *Cambyſes*, and Pope *Joan*.
Cheapſide at once two Bards can ne're allow,
But either He muſt Abdicate, or Thou.
Then if the Knight ſtill keeps up his Pretence,
E'en turn Phyſician in thy own Defence.
'Tis own'd by all the Criticks of our Time,
Thou canſt as well Preſcribe, as *Bl——re* Rhime.

* *Two Famous City-Poets.*

To the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit, *upon concealing his Name.*

HE that in *Arthur*'s Traſh has Pennance done,
Needs not be told who writ this vile Lampoon.
In both the ſame eternal Dullneſs ſhines,
Inſpires the Thoughts, and animates the Lines.
In both the ſame lewd Flattery we find,
The Praiſe defaming, and the Satyr kind.
Alike the Numbers, Faſhion, and Deſign,
No Checquer-Tallies cou'd more nicely joyn.
Thy fooliſh Muſe puts on her Mask too late,
We know the Strumpet by her Voice and Gate.

On Job *newly Traveſtied by Sir* R—— Bl——.

NEar *Lethe*'s Banks, where the forgetful Stream
With lazy Motion creeps, and ſeems to Dream,
Job with his thoughtful Friends diſcourſing ſate
Of all the dark myſterious Turns of Fate:
And much they argued why Heaven's partial Care
The Good ſhou'd puniſh, and the Bad ſhou'd ſpare:
When lo! a Shade, new landed, forward preſt,
And thus himſelf to liſtning *Job* Addreſt:

Illuſtrious Ghoſt! (I come not to upbraid)
Oh ſummon all thy Patience to thy Aid;
A *Cheapſide* Quack, whoſe vile unhallow'd Pen
With equal Licence Murders Rhimes and Men,
In rumbling Fuſtian has burleſqu'd thy Page,
And fam'd *Jack D-nt-n* brings it on the Stage,

Was

Was ever Man, the patient *Job* did cry,
So plagu'd with curſed Meſſengers, as I?
All other Loſſes, unconcern'd I bore,
But never heard ſuch Stabbing News before.
Who can behold the Iſſue of his Brain
Mangled by barbarous Hands, and not complain?
This ſcribbling Quack (his Fame I know too well
By Thouſand Ghoſts whom he has ſent to Hell)
Dull *Satan*'s feebler Malice will refine,
And Stab me through and through in every Line.
The Devil more brave, did open War declare,
The fawning Poet kills, and ſpeaks me fair.
Curs'd be the Wretch, that taught him firſt to Write,
And with lewd Pen and Ink indulg'd his Spite:
That fly-blow'd the young Bard with buzzing Rhymes,
And fill'd his tender Ears with *Grubſtreet* Chimes.
Curs'd be the Paper-Mill his Muſe employs,
Curs'd be the Sot who on his Skill relies.

Thus *Job* complain'd, but to forget his Grief,
In *Lethe*'s Sov'raign Streams he ſought Relief.

To Sir R—— Bl—— *upon his Unhappy Talent at Praiſing and Railing.*

THine is the only Muſe in *Britiſh* Ground
Whoſe Satyr tickles, and whoſe Praiſes wound:
Sure *Hebrew* firſt was taught her by her Nurſe,
Where the ſame Word is uſed to Bleſs and Curſe.

To Dr. Garth, *on the Fourth Edition of his incomparable Poem,* The Diſpenſary; *Occaſion'd by ſome Lines in the* Satyr againſt Wit.

BOld thy Attempt, in theſe hard Times to raiſe
In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,
While Northern Blaſts drive from the Neighb'ring Flood,
And nip the ſpringing Lawrel in the Bud.
On ſuch bleak Paths our preſent Poets tread,
The very Garland withers on each Head.
In vain the Critics ſtrive to Purge the Soil,
Fertile in Weeds it mocks their buſie Toil.
Spontaneous Crops of *Jobs* and *Arthurs* riſe,
Whoſe tow'ring Non-ſenſe braves the very Skies:
Like Paper-kites the empty Volumes fly,
And by meer force of Wind are rais'd on high.

While we did theſe with ſtupid Patience ſpare,
And from *Apollo*'s Plants withdrew our Care,
The *Muſes* Garden did ſmall Product yield,
But Hemp, and Hemlock over-ran the Field;
'Till skilful *Garth*, with Salutary Hand,
Taught us to Weed, and Cure Poetic Land,
Grubb'd up the Brakes, and Thiſtles, which he found,
And ſow'd with Verſe, and Wit the Sacred Ground.
But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
Which Four fair Harveſts yields in Half a Year.

No more let Critics of the Want complain
Of *Mantuan* Verſe, or the *Mæonian* Strain;
Above them *Garth* do's on their Shoulders riſe,
And, what our Language wants, his Wit ſupplies.

Fam'd

Fam'd Poets after him ſhall ſtrain their Throats,
And unfledg'd Muſes chirp their Infant-notes.

Yes *Garth:* thy Enemies confeſs thy Store,
They burſt with Envy, yet they long for more:
Ev'n we, thy Friends, in doubt thy Kindneſs call,
To ſee thy Stock ſo large, and Gift ſo ſmall.
But Jewels in ſmall Cabinets are laid,
And richeſt Wines in little Casks convey'd.

Let lumpiſh *Bl——re* his dull Hackney freight,
And break his Back with heavy Folio's weight.
His *Pegaſus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,
And Limb'd for Draught, or Burthen, not for Speed.
With Cart-horſe Trot he ſweats beneath the Pack
Of Rhiming Proſe, and Knighthood on his Back:
Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,
And tug of ſenſleſs Rheams th' Heroic Load;
Till overſtrain'd the Jade is ſet, and tires,
And ſinking in the Mud with Groans expires.

Then *Bl——re* ſhall this Favour owe to thee,
That thou perpetuat'ſt his Memory.
Bavius and *Mævius* ſo their Works ſurvive,
And in one ſingle Line of *Virgil*'s live.

On Sir R—— Bl——re's *Noble Project to Erect a Bank of Wit.*

THe Thought was great, and worthy of a Cit,
In preſent Dearth, to erect a Bank of Wit.
Thus breaking Trades-men, ready for a Jayl,
Raiſe Millions for our Senate o're their Ale.

But thou'rt declar'd a Bankrupt, and thy Note
Even in old *Grub-ſtreet* ſcarce wou'd fetch a Groat.
Apollo ſcorns thy Project, and the *Nine*
With Indignation laugh at thy Deſign.
There's not a Trader to the Sacred *Hill*
But knows thy Wants, and would Proteſt thy Bill;
Thy Credit can't a Farthing there Command,
Though *Fr[illegible]ke* and *R[illegible]n* ſhou'd thy Sureties ſtand.

To Sir R—— Bl——re, *on the two Wooden Horſes before* Sadlers-hall.

AS truſty Broom-ſtaff Midnight Witch beſtrides,
When on ſome Grand Diſpatch of Hell ſhe rides.
O're gilded Pinacles, and lofty Towers,
And talleſt Pines with furious haſt ſhe ſcowrs.
Out flies in her Career the lab'ring Wind,
And ſees ſpent Exhalations lag behind.
Arriving at the Black *Divan* at laſt
In ſome drear Wood, or ſolitary Waſt:
The Fiend her cheated Senſes does delude,
With airy Viſions of imagin'd Food.
Ev'n ſo, dear Knight, (my Freedom you'll Excuſe,
If to a Witch I have compar'd your Muſe)
Ev'n ſo on Wooden Prancer, mounted high,
Your Muſe takes nimble Journeys in the Sky.
When in her boldeſt Strains, and higheſt Flights,
She Sings of ſtrange Adventures, and Exploits,
Battles, Enchantments, Furies, Devils, and Knights;
When ſhe at *Arthur*'s Fairy Table dines,
And high-pil'd Diſhes ſees, and generous Wines.

'Twas kindly done of the good-natur'd Cits
To Place before thy Door a Brace of Tits.

For

For *Pegaſus* wou'd ne're endure the weight
Of ſuch a Quibbling, Scribbling, Dribbling Knight:
That generous Steed, rather than gaul his Back
With a Pedantic Bard, and Nauſeous Quack,
Wou'd kneel to take a Pedlar and his Pack.

To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-hall.

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Diſeaſe,
And if Phyſicians Cure by Contraries!
Bl—re alone the healing Secret knows,
'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

To the Cheapſide *Quack: occaſion'd by this Verſe in the* Satyr againſt Wit,

"Who with more eaſe can cure than C——*debat ch* kill.

By a Gentleman whom Dr. C--lb--ch *had cur'd of the Gout.*

HOw durſt thy railing Muſe, vain Wretch, pretend
In baſe Lampoon thus to abuſe my Friend!
Whoſe Sacred Art has freed me from my Pains,
And broke a haughty Tyrant's ſtubborn Chains?
Keep off, for if thou com'ſt within my Clutches,
I'll baſt thy Knighthood with my Quondam Crutches.
The generous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,
The charming *Celia* that my Nights does crown,
The manly Pleaſures of the ſporting Fields,
The gay Delights the pompous *Drama* yields,
All this, and more to his great Skill I owe,
Such Bleſſings can thy Boaſted Helps beſtow?
The Snuff of Life perhaps thy feeble Art
May fondly lengthen to thy Patient's ſmart.

But

But Health no more 'tis in thy Power to give,
Than thy dull Muſe can make her Heroes live.

Ev'n War and Plague of Killing, to arraign
In thee, is moſt nonſenſical and vain.
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd,
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.
Whatever Sots to thy Preſcriptions fly,
For their vain Confidence are ſure to die:
And whate'er Argument thy Muſe employs,
Her awkward ſtupid Management deſtroys.
Death with ſure ſteps thy Doſes ſtill attends,
And Death too follows whom thy *Muſe* commends.
What can eſcape thy All-deſtroying Quill,
When ev'n thy Cordials, and thy Praiſes kill?
Thy Mother ſure, when in Deſpair and Pain
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer *Cain*.

To that moſt incomparable Bard and Quack, the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

I Charge thee, Knight, in great *Apollo*'s Name,
If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame,
Either thy Rhimes, or Clyſters to diſclaim.
Both are too much one feeble Brain to rack,
Beſides the Bard will ſoon undo the Quack.
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fuſtian kills,
Thou'lt ſcarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

Epigram upon King Arthur.

THe *Britiſh Arthur*, as Hiſtorians tell,
Deriv'd his Birth from *Merlin*'s Magic Spell.
When *Uter*, taking the wrong'd Husband's Shape,
On fair *Igerne* did commit a Rape.

But modern *Arthur* of the *Cheapſide* Line,
May juſtly boaſt his Parentage Divine.
Wearing thy Phyz, and in thy Habit dreſt,
The God of Dullneſs his lewd Dam compreſt.

A merry Ballad on the City Bard,

To a New Play-houſe Tune.

IN *London* City near *Cheapſide*
A wondrous Bard does dwell,
Whoſe *Epics* (if they're not bely'd)
Do *Virgil*'s far excell:
A ſprightly Wit, and Perſon joyn'd,
Both Poet and Phyſician:
Artiſt as famous in his kind,
For ought I know, as *Titian*.
In Coffee-houſes pureſt Air
His foggy Lines he Writes:
In Fields of Duſt and Spittle there
His *Britiſh* Heroe Fights.
By ſudden Motion then o'reta'ne,
The Privy-houſe he chooſes:
Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,
And yet no Time he loſes.
Grip'd in his Guts and Muſe, he there Indites,
And Praiſes *Arthur* moſt, when moſt he Sh—.

An Epitome of a Poem, truly call'd, A Satyr againſt Wit; *done for the Undeceiving of ſome Readers, who have miſtaken the Panegyrick in that Immortal Work for the Satyr, and the Satyr for the Panegyrick.*

WHo can forbear and tamely ſilent ſit, *l.* 1. *p.* 3.
And ſee his Native Land *as void of* Wit *l.* 2.
As every Piece the City-Knight has Writ?
How happy were the old unpoliſh'd Times, *l.* 13.
As free from Wit, as other Modern Crimes, *l.* 14.
And what is more from, Bl——re's *nauſeous Rhimes.*
As our Fore-Fathers Vig'rous were and Brave, *l.* 15.
So they were Virtuous, Wiſe, Diſcreet and Grave, *l.* 16.
And wou'd have call'd our Quack a fawning Slave.
Clodpate, by *Banks,* and *Stocks,* and *Projects* bit, *l.* 5. *p.* 5.
Turns up his Whites, and in his *Pious* Fit, *l.* 6.
He *Cheats* and *Prays,* a certain ſign of *Cit.* *l.* 7.
Craper runs madly 'midſt the thickeſt Crowd, *l.* 8.
Sometimes ſays nothing, ſometimes talks aloud.
Under the Means he lies, frequents the Stage, *l.* 10.
Is very lewd, and does at Learning rage; *l.* 11.
And this vile Stuff we find in every Page.
A Bant'ring Spirit, has our Men poſſeſt, *l.* 20.
And Wiſdom is become a ſtanding Jeſt, *l.* 21.
Which is a burning Shame I do proteſt.
Wit does of Virtue ſure Deſtruction make, *l.* 22.
Who can produce a Wit, and not a Rake? *l.* 23.
A Challenge ſtarted ne're but by a Quack.
The Mob of Wits is up to ſtorm the Town, *l.* 1. *p.* 6
To pull all Virtue and right Reaſon down, *l.* 2.
Then to ſurprize the Tower, and ſteal the Crown,
And the lewd Crew affirm, by all that's good, *l.* 15.
They'll ne're diſperſe till they have *B——re's* Blood; *l.* 16.
But they'll ne're have his Brains, by good King Lud.

For

For that *induſtrious Bard of late* has done — *l.* 16. *p.* 6.
The rareſt Piece of Wit that e're was ſhown, — *l.* 17.
And publiſh'd Dogg'rel he's aſham'd to own.
The Skilful T—ſ—n's Name they dare Invade, — *l.* 31. *p.* 6.
And yet they are undone without his Aid; — *l.* 2.
Did they read thee, I ſhou'd conclude them Mad.
T—ſ—n with baſe Reproaches they purſue, — *l.* 1. *p.* 7.
Juſt as his *Moor-fields* Patients us'd to do, — *l.* 4.
Who give to T—ſ—n, *what is* T—ſ—n's *due.*
Wit does enfeeble and debauch the Mind, — *l.* 7.
Before to Buſineſs or to Arts inclin'd: — *l.* 8.
Then thou wilt never be Debauch'd, I find.
Had S—rs, H—t, or T—y, who with awe — *l.* 15, 16, 17, 18.
We Name, been Wits, they ne're had learn'd the Law.
But ſure this Compliment's not worth a Straw.
The Law will ne're ſupport the bant'ring Breed, — *l.* 22.
Tho' *Blockheads* may, yet Wits can ne're ſucceed, — *l.* 23.
For which Friend Sl--ne *I hope will break thy Head.*
R—ff has Wit and laviſhes away — *l.* 24.
So much in nauſeous Northern Brogue each Day,
As wou'd ſuffice to Damn a Smithfield-*Play.*
Wit does our Schools and Colleges invade, — *l.* 20. *p.* 8.
And has of Letters vaſt Deſtruction made, — *l.* 21.
But that it ſpoils thy Learning, can't be ſaid.
That ſuch a Failure no Man may incenſe, — *l.* 17. *p.* 10.
Let us erect a Bank for Wit and Senſe: — *l.* 18.
And ſo ſet up at other Mens Expence.
Let S—r, D—t, S—ld, M—gue — *l.* 21.
Lend but their Names the Project then will do: — *l.* 22.
What! Lend 'em ſuch a Bankrupt Wretch as you.
Duncombs and *Claytons* of *Parnaſſus* all, — *l.* 27.
Who cannot ſink, unleſs the Hill ſhou'd fall, — *l.* 28.
Why then, they need but go to Sadlers-hall.

St.

St. *E—m—t*, to make the thing compleat, *l.* 21. *p.* 9.
No Engliſh *knows, and therefore* is moſt fit
To overſee the Coining of our Wit. *l.* 22.
Nor ſhall *M—ris, W—tt, Ch-rl-tt* be forgot,
With ſolid *Fr—ke* and *R—l and who Not?*
Then all our Friends the Actions ſhall cry up, *l.* 6. *p.* 12.
And all the railing Mouths of Envy ſtop. *l.* 7.
Wou'd we cou'd Padlock thine, Eternal Fop.
The Project then will *T—tts* Teſt abide, *l.* 11. *p.* 16.
And with his Mark pleaſe all the World beſide. *l.* 12.
But dare thy Arthurs *by this Teſt be tried?*
Then what will *D—d—n, G—b*, or *C—ng—ve* ſay *l.* 27. *p.* 9.
When all their wicked Mixture's purg'd away? *l.* 28.
Thy Metal's baſer than their worſt Allay.
What will become of *S—th—n, W—ch—y* *l.* 29.
Who by this means will grievous Sufferers be? *l.* 30.
No matter, they'l ne're ſend a Brief to Thee.
All theſe debauch'd by *D—n* and his Crew *l.* 22. *p.* 12.
Turn Bawds to Vice, and wicked Aims purſue: *l.* 23.
To hear thee Cant wou'd make ev'n B——ſs *Spew.*
For now an honeſt Man can't peep abroad, *l.* 9. *p.* 13.
Nor a chaſt Muſe, *but whip They bring a Rod.* *l.* 16.
E'n *Atticus* himſelf theſe Men wou'd Curſe, *l.* 5. *p.* 14.
Shou'd *Atticus* appear without his Purſe, *l.* 6.
If this be Praiſe, what Libel can ſay Worſe?
Nay *Darfell* too, ſhou'd he forbear to treat, *l.* 7. *p.* 14.
Theſe Men that Cry him up, their Words wou'd Eat, *l.* 8.
And ſay in Scorn, He had no Brains to beat.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

UPon the Publiſhing of *Job* and *Habakkuk*, an Heroic Poem daily expected, but deferr'd upon Political Reaſons, new Subſcription-books will be open'd at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe in *Covent-garden*, and all Gentlemen, that are willing to Subſcribe, are deſired to ſend in their *Quota's*.